Indigestion

itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system en-feebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway

Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at an. Within the time mentioned sèveral physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

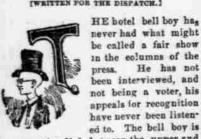
Bill Nye Extracts From One Urchin a Chunk of Real Romance.

HIS FIRST WICKED EMPLOYER And His Hearty Indorsement of the Im-

ported Habit of Tipping.

A WET WELCOME PROM A DEAP GUEST





never had what might be called a fair show in the columns of the press. He has not been interviewed, and not being a voter, his appeals for recognition have never been listened to. The bell boy is

the connecting link between the upper and lower order of beings at a hotel, that is, he fills the upper order after it is given.

Yesterday I detained a bell boy with red hair who came to bring me a pitcher of ice water, and asked him if he would mind being interviewed for publication. He said he would not, but would have to wait until 6 o'clock, at which time his day's work closed, and he would be at leisure. At that hour he appeared at my door. He is a medium sized boy, but older than I thought at first. He might be anywhere from 5 to 20 years old. Sometimes he looked one way and sometimes the other. He said he had been in the business all his life. The first day he worked he cried a good deal for his mother and still selt kind of hungry for the boyhood he never had. "Would you mind telling me your name,

my son?" I queried in superior accents.
"My home name is Henry Clay Williams. Here my name is Front."
"What would you do if you had your time for a year?"

Never played a day in

"I would play. Never played a day in my life that I can remember. Jest polish my trousers on a settee and wait till the office hollers 'Front,' and then I've got to run up five or six flights, kneck or the door, and find that some old pestilence of a feller has forgot what it was he rung fer. That's what puts the grey hairs into a boy's head." MEMORIES OF A BLIGHTED LIFE.

"Who did you work for first?" "I worked for a couple of fellers that run the Palace Hotel. I won't tell you the name of the town and I won't tell you the name of the firm. I used to call em Messrs. Dewey Little & Owen Moore. That's what I called 'em. Their hotel was called the Palace because the man that named it was a humorist. It was hanted, the house was. Nights it was hanted by wicked spirits and days it was hanted with the spooks of departed biled dinners. Did you ever run across the ghost of a biled dinner? I think it is the saddest sight I ever smelled.

'How did you come to take hold of the Well, my mother died just as I got out of skirts, and my father he was a poor hand at the practice of industry himself, but had the theory all right, and could find openings for other folks bully. He got me the job at the Palace. He then began to rest. Hedid most of his resting in the barroom of the Palace. He said once that he had read in a paper somewhere that the earth was the Lord's and the fullness thereof. He didn't want the earth, he said, but if there was any fullness left over he would be glad to get

Where is your father now?" "He is busy just now filling a drunkard's

had put the talent into most anything else that he did into bowlin' up he would have been a rich man and I could have got out in the grass and played and had fun, instead of getting kneesprung here in a hot hotel, breathing gas leaks and sewer gas, while other hove are chasing souirrels." other boys are chasing squirrels,"
"You didn't like the Palace?"
"No, I did not like the Palace."

"Well, the proprietors were clost, too



Nye Converses With the Bell Boy. clost to suit me. Old Dewey Little was the up the gas burners so that a guest couldn't see to read, and then of course would have to come down stairs and maybe spend a dollar at the bar. He was the meanest man than ever walked. He used to steal wipes out of the wash and go through the pockets of the overcoats in the check room.

"I've read a good many stories about Satan, and of course he has had advantages that Old Man Little never had. Satan has had thousands of years to think it over and improve on his first amateur work, and so I say that it would be hard for anybody to take his place, but I say this, that if he should ever get disabled or have a felon on his thumb or anything like that and want a good understudy, Dewey Little could run things so that only a few heads of de-partments you know would get onto the

"What do you think of tipping in America?"
"Well,I think it's just getting on its feet, and getting to be self-supporting. But it ain't what it ought to be. In the old countries it is tries everybody tips a little, but here it is only the liberal folks that does it, and so they are overworked. We would rather get a nickel a head all day than to get a quar-ter from one or two. Outside of the big cities, tips are mighty seldom, you bet. Here in New York it is getting to be pretty good. I've made a dollar a day quite often outside of my regular pay, which pay is



The Mellow-Voiced Orator's Order pretty blamed small. Bell boys watch the office mighty close, I tell you, and some rooms we fight over, while others get mighty

"Well, it was a dollar, I believe. We had a temperance lecturer in No. 39. He was a reformed temperance lecturer. That is, he had been a rounder and so finally he had braced up, it seems, and went onto the plattorm. He done well as a lecturer, all allowed, and great crowds came to hear the man who had been jerked out of the gutter. I was sent to answer his bell. He looked at me kind of skittish, and then he walked the floor quite a spell and looked out of the winder. Finally he wanted to know if I was to be relied on to transactbusiness without too much conversation. I said yes, and that I had the secrets of great men and great actresses locked up in my breast and that I had a time lock on it and that the world wouldn't know anything about it till Gabriel said so.

I knew a bell boy once that used to work at the Lahr House, at Lafayette, Ind. He worked there quite a while. One day they sent him up to call No. 13. No. 13 didn't say anything, and so they concluded that something might be wrong, and they told this boy they would have to put him over the transom to see if No. 13 was there."

Who was Number 13?"

Why, he was a kind of inventor somehow. He had been staying at the Lahr House, as week or so, I believe, and carrying up tools and pieces of boards and stuff because he was building some kind of a machine and was quiet about it for tear some one would beat him on the patent, he said.

BOUGH ON FRONT.

SOME QUEER EXPERIENCES. And then the reformed lecturer told me to bring up an Apollinaris bottle full of common cooking whisky and a high glass. I done so, and people that went to the lecture said it just laid over anything they ever heard as regards beseechin' tenderness and all that kind of business. He was a wet-eyed lecturer with a wabble in his voice, and he could gather in a great many children and young ladies when he got tuned up. He gave me a dollar for working the Apollinaris racket."

MARKS OF TRAVELERS. "What do you notice mostly about guests when they come in?" "Well, I judge them a good deal by their



Resenting the Bell Boy's Intrusion ags. You can't always tell by clothes, but baggage means a good deal. Fresh people have fresh looking, shiny baggage. Expe-rienced travelers have sensible, but more or less weather-beaten bags and trunks."
"What is the general failing among

"The general failing is to return the key to the room. I went up with a man yester-day that said his key didn't fit and he couldn't day that said his key didn't fit and he couldn't open his door. When I looked at the key I saw it belonged in Philadelphia. He laughed kind of foolish and pulled out the right one, as he supposed, but it belonged to Young's Hotel in Boston. He had a key in every pocket that belonged to some other hotel. Then some folk get the number of their room mixed up with the number they had perhaps in another city a day they had perhaps in another city a day or two before. We had a case of that kind last week, and it would have made a great deal of trouble if the matter had not been hushed up at the office." "What do you do when a guest enter

"Why 'Front', whoever 'Front' happens to be at the time, is expected to go and pull the handle off the guest's bag, carry it away and conceal it somewhere, and then re-luctantly find it when the owner puts up "Do you have many squabbles with the other bell boys?"
"No; we get along all right and have no

"Well, anyway, they put this boy up to the transom and it was dark in there, so they allowed he'd have to get inside and light the gas to see what was the trouble. It was a little feller and nimble as a weasel, and so

the gas to see what was the trouble. It was a little feller and nimble as a weasel, and so he got over there and struck a match. Shortly after that he came out again by unlocking the door from the inside. He was quite pale and said that he wished that hereaster they would put some other boy through the transom whenever they had any curiosity about people. Otherwise he would want more pay. No. 13 had, it seems, got his muchine done the night before and had tried it to see if it would work. It was a kind of meat ax running in a groove like the French Dotuny, and it was hung with a cord and trigger, fixed so that a little thread that run the trigger was pulled through a wax candle. A man could load up with morphine or something kind of soothing like that, lay down with his head on the upholstered head rest, light the candle and go to sleep. He had greased up the running glass of the thing and then began to experiment. It worked first rate. They didn't have any autopsy. Friends thought it wasn't really necessary. The practice of putting bell boys into rooms that way, is becoming outre, I think. We could not get any reply out of an old man in 47, last summer, and so the clerk put me in over the transom. The old man was somewhat deaf and did not know what my motive was in coming over the door that way. He was just about to take a bath as I came in. He was not expecting me, but he rallied and took me by the clothing with a firm grasp. He then inserted me in the bath tub six or eight times and threw me out through the transom again. The old man also invited other friends to call. He said he was in the sere and yellow leaf, as one might say, but yet would strive to interest each and all who sere and yellow leaf, as one might say, but yet would strive to interest each and all who might drop in on him, and if they would just take him as they found him, they would

At this point the bell boy looked at his Waterbury and said he must go. Thanking him for his information and dividing my scanty store with him, we shook hands, and the next moment he had shot down the stairway like a tat scientist engaged in falling from the tail gate of a big balloon.

BILL NYE. An Unnecommodating Officer.

Detroit Journal.] The Muskegon Chief of Police is not an The Muskegon Chief of Police is not an accommodating fellow. Yesterday an unhappy wretch called on the officer, and, after explaining that his wife had lett him and he had no home, asked that the Chief should shoot him. The officer objected because the city ordinance prohibited such business, and the unhappy man is compelled to live as best he can without his elled to live as best he can without his

A Thoughtful Agent. Fliegende Binetter,]
Mrs. Younghusband—This girl is young for a nurse. She is hardly taller than the baby itself.

Madame O'Rourke (of the Continental Employment Agency)—Sure then, madam if she drops the baby it won't have so far to

Lawyer Quabble-You a doctor? Why "No; we get along all right and have no fuss. We swap stories, too, when we have a slack day, and get a little fun that way. couldn't try a case of lard.

WOODCOCK'S GAME. An American Bird That Plays With Amateur Sportsmen.

ITS HAUNTS AND ITS HABITS. Places Around Conneaut Lake Where it May

be Brought Down. THE HUNTER MUST BE A WARY ONE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) THE woodcock is a very tricky bird, as I once found by experience. When a small lad, wandering in the fields one day in early summer, I flushed one of these birds, which started skimming along the top of the weeds and bushes, and finally, when about 20 yards away, fluttered, as though i were maimed, and fell

ly started in pursuit, but when I approached near, up it rose again and fluttered away in an apparently badly crippled condition a little way off, when it dropped again. Eager in pursuit I panted after, and was led a wild goose chase, for the next time it rose away it flew

panted after, and was led a wild goose chase, for the next time it rose away it flew as if its wound had been miraculously cured, and it never felt better injits life. So thoroughly was I deceived, that when the thought came to me that I had read of birds feigning a crippled condition, for the purpose of leading vou away from their nests, I was amazed at the perfect deception that had been practiced upon me; and when I turned to find a landmark to guide me to the spot where I had flushed it, I found I had been led through such a tortuous mize of jungle that the attempt was hopeless. Does instinct prompt such a wonderful display of intelligence, or is it pure and unadulerated reasoning? Who can answer?

July is here and with it the continuous crack crack of the firecracker, the hiss of the skyrocket and the fizz of the pinwheel, while to swell the confusion the bang! bang! of the shot gun and blunderbuss will be heard on all sides in the country districts, as now the first game-bird shooting of the year is lawfully ushered in. When the birds are young and foolish and loiter on the wing, they give every blundering schoolboy an opportunity with his old musket that he does not have later in the season when the birds are older and more keen of flight. Your aim must then be sure and certain or your game has vanished in the

flight. Your aim must then be sure and certain or your game has vanished in the brush. Woodcock very often have to be taken at "snap shot," which means that you have not time to raise the gun to the shoulder. You must pull the trigger when the butt is down at your hip, using your judgment as to the elevation of the muzzle. This manner of shooting seems difficult at first thought, but you will be surprised at the efficiency you will attain with a few days' practice.

This bird is of the snipe family, with an immense long bill, and, with its large eye set well back and near the top of the head, the sense of sight is very acute. Its flight is rapid and irregular. The females lay from four to five dull yellow eggs, with patches of brown sprinkled over them. The young birds are very active, and run about as soon as hatched. If the old bird is surprised she will rise uttering a peculiar cry, at which must pull the trigger when the butt is down

of course, if it is you, it will be just your luck to hear a bird rise while you are in combat with this pigmy. While the mosquitoes are boring it into you at every exwill rise uttering a peculiar cry, at which the young will scatter in every direction and hide in the long grass. The posed part and stinging vines brush your

ish red with a stripe of Vandyke brown from the bill to the eye, and also barred across the wings, which are short, as is also the tail. I have known men who had lived all their lives in the country say they had never seen a woodcock—"that is to know it." This may be accounted for by the fact of the birds being nocturnal in their habits, boring in the mud and turning over bark and leaves in search of insects and lying very close in the day time. But thousands of human beings live a long life in rural districts and never become acquainted with a thousandth part of the interesting things they trample under foot. The woodcock delights in marshy places along the angry and perspiring with much tramping through mirey places, pulling your feet with difficulty out of the bogs, that seem as though a thousand swamp furies were dragging you down, letting go with a smack as you wearily pull out of the mud. These are some of the discomforts of hunting in mid summer.

I will admit that it is fine sport when the game is plenty, which will give you a chance to display your alertness, while the epicurean treat that comes at the end of the day is worth all the little annovances incident to a day's hunt in July. But give me October and November for my shooting, when all the insect pests are frost nipped and the brush is withered and beat down.

The best dog for woodcock hunting is the setter or retriever; his long woolly coat protects him from the brambles, and he will work hard all day without once coming in shivering to heel. The pointer, being destitute of this protection, is not so well adapted for this kind of sport.

PENNSYLVANIA SHOOTING GROUNDS.

"beater," then you can stand at either side of the thicket and drop the birds as they are

If you want to discover this bird feeding you will have to approach his haunts noiselessly, for if he hears you he will turn his head around until his eye appears to be located directly on top of the head, giving it a

A Good Test.

"Tell me, Uncles Charles," pleaded

Amelia, "do you think that Henry will

"I think he will," replied Uncle Charles,

without hesitation. "I offered him a cigar last evening and he took it as freely as it was given. When he opened his coat in search of match he exposed his waistcoat, and his two upper pockets were filled with cigars. I have no hesitation in saying that Henry will prove a saying and economical

very comical appearance.

make a good husband?"

driven out.

PENNSYLVANIA SHOOTING GROUNDS. Along the small streams that feed Con-Along the small streams that feed Con-neaut Lake and in the thousands of acres of swamp and marsh land adjoining, there is an abundance of these fine birds. While hunting there one day last season, I suc-ceeded in capturing a good-sized bag, and would have had greater success had I been able to secure some local hunter, who was familiar with their known haunts, as a guide. Along the bed of the old Eric Canal, which is now grown up with underbrush I which is now grown up with underbrush I was informed they were the most plentiful. The greatest precaution should be taken to insure against accident in hunting this time insure against accident in hunting this time of year, as the jungle is so thick you cannot see your companion even at the distance of 15 or 20 yards, but you can keep him located by the noise he makes breaking through the brush, and of course will have made arrangement with him in regard to the direction each may shoot, always keeping on a parallel line with each other. It you can hire a "beater," then you can stand at either side

margin of streams, where he can hide from margin of streams, where he can hide from the blinding glare of the noonday sun; in dark and cool old osier beds, under old fallen trees and projecting roots, overgrown with swamp willow and fern, where they doze and dream through the long, hot days, unless disturbed by the prying nose of the keen-scented retriever, who goes through the marsh poking his inquisitive rose into every nook and cranny where they may be secreted. While

THE YOUNG NIMBOD

with legs incased in gum boots that reach to his hips, wades through morass and jungle, penetrating into their most sacred haunts, smearing his face with sticky cobhaunts, smearing his face with sticky cob-webs as he stoops to go under some over-hanging bushes. No sooner has he emerged into a clear space again when some fiendish little fly will balance himself on wing and dance up and down with fiendish glee in front of his eyes, clapping its wings with joy as it sees its dancing image reflected on the hunter's shining orb. Clout him away and he dodges the blow and is back again



as gay as ever. Again and again strike at him, each time fiercer than the last, but one might as well try to kill a sunbeam, so ethereal is this little fiend, who dances and pirouestes in front of his new-found mirror, while the hunter is expecting every momen

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